is fee days for production in the sacred laston of her state-room. It was too by learning those five days we star-

All others

I became as sorly as a bear, the day the sea had gone down

that everybody was

The Story of a Transatlantic LoveMaking.

The Story of a Transatlantic LoveMaking.

(Chambers' Journal.)

She was a very proud girl—quite a stand-offish sort of a girl—and she came on board with a fixed intention not to speak to anybody. I noticed her while we were yet in the dock at Tilbury. You

bank of bubbling purple clouds had arisen in the northwest as the right closed in, and while I was helping Miss

tion, for I could not get relief by taking off my clothes. To unwedge myself in order to make the attempt would have re-

I grew parched with thirst. Every moment the air became more unbreathable.
Ten minutes more, and I gasped aloud;
"I must get out of this or die!" I flung
myself down, taking my chance of the
racors, and groped out of the door. A
stifling fog hung in the saloon. The dim
light of a swinging lantern showed it to thing The saloon seemed to be doing its best to subvert itself. At times, the floor was almost perpendicular, Now I was lying flat upon the outer wall of my cabin; the next instant I was hanging

cated to Miss Bradley, I knostly figure there and maghostly lighter there and made fay way over, holding fast to the chairs and the table. Yes, it was she, white as the dressing gown that swathed her graceful figure. She grasped my hand, lier dark eyes gazed into my face with a terrible

she cried, with passionate earnestness.

We had grown very good friends during
those few blissful days of her convalescence, but only by maintaining a rigid barrier of the most respectful ceremony. How I blessed the accommodating tempest which made her now speak to me like

I kept her hand in mine and brought my face close to hers-I had to do this to make my consolation intelligible, there was such a racket. "It's all right!" I You're quite right to turn out

She shock her head. "Oh, the storm nothing," she replied. "Nothing at all!" I assented, scoffingly, s if I had been used to "high seas at owling winds" from infancy. But howling winds from manay, but my heart I did not agree with her. She must surely be jesting-making light of it in panie-stricken bravado, eise why was she so unmistakably overmastered by fear? Her face was set like marble, her eyes glared to right and left; her beautifully chiselled nostrils suiffed the down from the originaryon.

draught from the engine-room. As we stood there in the darkness, clinging to the side of the cabin and to each other, she asked: "Are you sure there is nothing wrong with the ship-Her tone was so changed that I stared it her for a moment through the smother sefore asking the counter question; "What hould there be?"

hoarsely, in my ear. Before I could answer there was a concussion above as if the very heaven had fallen upon the ship, and we were both dashed off our fest. I fell with my hand upon some metal work, which the carpet did not cover, it was so hot it almost bilistered me. I ouickly scrambled up, and, lifting the almost fainting girl in both arms, staggered with her to a cushioned nook close by. As I did so there came a rush of water into the saloca, sweeping over the floor in waves as the oscillation of the vessel flung it from one side to the other; and as the flood receded to mass itself in another quarter, a cloud of steam arose aching to the deuseness of the provailing gloom.

The last snock had evoked a wall of alarm from the surrounding cabins, and the saloon became crowded with people, rushing out of their doors. But when they found the floor surging with water and that white vapor floating upward, there was a perfect shriek of dismay; "The boilers have burst! The boilers." The boilers have burst! The boilers! Supposing the water to be scalding. I instinctively placed Millicent Bradley at full length upon the couch. There was no time to save myself, and I let out an no time to save myself, and I let out an unmanly yell, as the waves lapped me right up to the krie. It seemed to bite the flesh from my bones. I can stand pain—I used to play foot-ball in England—but you just put your stockinged feet into boiling water, and try that! In a jiffy I was perched upon the top of a small table, and clapped my hand to my injured extremities, but, strange to say, I was not scalded at all. The water was cold. Others found this out simultaneously. And yet the steam was rising. The meaning of it flashed upon Millicent first of all—or, perhaps, this phenomenon only confirmed a fear—"God help us!" she cried; "the vessel is on fire." us!" she cried; "the vessel is on fire."
The words flew like lightning. All rushed pell-mell out of the saloon and up

changed to native color. The self-reliant mouth sank at the corners, and was partly open, as if she lacked the vital energy to prus her palled lips together.

As I stepped before her and stared with astonishment and distress, she opened her eyethes just another sixteenth of an inch and murmured in the most die-away tone; "Oh, Mr. Franklin, I'm afraid I've got your chair. Do take it! I'lease take it!"

Of course I was instantly at her side, imploring her to keep the blessed chair forever, to wear it for my sake—not that she showed the slightest disposition to give it up.

For three days I waited upon her hand and foot, helped her with delicacies, told her funny stories—not about seasickness-rocked poetry to her—my own, unpublished!—and—yes, I flirted with her.

And she? Oh, it did her good—brighting her up amazingly. She talked better than a phonograph and we were all in all to each other. The doctor was a bit of a

most people. There and then and thus I told my love to her—and she listened to me. She made me swear that if the ship's company had to take to the boats I would go with her. If that could not be, she begged me to let her stay and drown with me.

Ob, what a giorious time that was; with the storm beating me almost senseless, the ship a furnace beneath my feet, the utter hopelessness of boats living in such a sea, should the fire break through the battened-down hatches, and drive us from the vessel.

THE BEAUTY COLLEGE

How It Decimated the Spin
(Strand Magazine.)

"Mother! Have you seen this?" exclaimed Genevieve. "Do listen what the

day; the clouds glaring spitefully as they fled away before the sun; the waves cow-ering into sulfenness; the storm wind screeching in baffled passion—and my

in the dark hours, but still paradise; such a one as I would be contented with for all the rest of my life.

A pilot joined us. We steamed into Sandy Hook. They steered the battered hulk of the Atalanta into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun as eyer smiled on lovers.

my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley, with all hers, to my neck. For nearly
a minute my chin reposed against the
top of her head, but that ecstacy was
voinchsafed to me no longer. As the
ship righted Millicent parted from me,
sprang down the few remaining stairs,
was posiwas posire wan no
preferred
t that she
t that she
t correspond to the deck for the
preferred
t that she
t my might to the banister, and Miss Bradley, with all hers, to my neck. For nearly
a minute my chin reposed against the
ship righted Millicent parted from me,
sprang down the few remaining stairs,
grabbed at the hand-rail, and whisked
away to her cabln, sans adieux.

I airusgled back to the deck for the
preferred
t that she
t my might to the banister, and Miss Bradhulk of the Atalanta into the grand harbor of New York under as goodly a sun
as ever smiled on lovers.

Millicent Bradley once again stood by
my side and spoke no word. Her dark
eyes surveyed the shore and took stock
of the monster excursion steamers, the
statue of Liberty and the Brooklyn
Bridge: but she made no comment. She
had not referred to that sweet night of
terrors since I found her standing on the
promenade-deck neatly dressed for going
ashore.

promenade-deck neatly dressed for going ashore.

We passed the Battery and drew near to the company's landing stage. Presently we were being hauled into the dock. In five minutes the gangways would be run up, and we should have to go ashore. And up to this time, although I had told her all about myself, my family, my posi-tion, and my prospects in life, all unim-peachable, she had not confided to my

coldness.
"I am very grateful—I shall always be.
Don't think badly of me for being so
Don't think badly of me for being so

"Oh, Miss-Millicent: I began.

But she went on firmly: "Of course, we must not take seriously anything which circumstances—so exceptional—so very, very dreadful, indeed—we must not bind very dreadful, indeed—we must not olid ourselves by what such circumstances forced upon us. We will say 'goodby' now; and—and if—if we never meet again—" "Millicent!" I cried, catching both her hands, quite heedless of onlookers, "don't coquet with me after what we have both gone through! You can say calmly to me. 'If we never meet again,' I say to you.

To Manitoba-to my brother's ranch is am going to attie there. If you would like to call— Manitoba is some 3.000 miles from New

York and the Bradley ranch is eighty miles from the railway. But I did "call" and it came to pass that I settled there THE CHICAGO OF CHINA.

A Place of Which the World Will Hear More Later On. Carpenter in St. Louis Globe

Hankow is the Chicago of the Chithe biggest steamers that sail the ocean cane cane up here and anchor at its whurves. The city on the opposite side is Wuchang. It has, perhaps, 750,000 people, and the high wall which runs around it is twelve miles in length. It is the home of one of the most progressive governors of China, and is the capital of the State of Hupeb, which is bigger than the whole of New England, Turn to your left, and you see at your feet the city of Hanyang, with its vast bigger than the whole of New Lagland. Turn to your left, and you see at your feet the city of Hanyang, with its vast from-works for the making of steel rails. Beyond it, across the river Han, which is so filled with boats that their masts make you think of a thicket of hooppoles, is the vast piain covered with the buildings of Clankaw, which is even larger than Wuchang, and which is the commercial capital of this part of the empire. As you look over the landscape your eye meets as much water as land. The mighty Vangtse above and below you flows on like a great inhand seal its bosom loaded with a score of steamers into thousands of queer-looking jones. There are boats before you which have come 2009 miles down its waters through the deep gorges of Ichang, and mixed with them are ships from Canton, Amey, Foo Chow, and other great cities along the coast. There are tea junks from the the coast. There are tea junks from the flig Poyang Lake, and queer-looking eraft from a thousand different localities, each having a build and make peculiarly its

own.

As you look you realize the force of the assertion that China has more boats than all the rest of the world put together. The Yangtse is here cut into by carals, and the great lagoons lying back in the country are spotted with sails. The River Han, which has flowed that might in its winding course from its 1,300 miles in its winding course from its source to its mouth, has brought down hundreds of river junks, and ships are being loaded at scores of these wharves for all parts of the empire and of the world. To-day the trade of this place amounts to about \$27,000,000 a year, and every dollar's worth of this has to cerried away by water. In the years to come a large part of it will go by land, and railroads may make Hankow the greatest city of Asia, if not the biggest on the globe.

The probabilities are that this place will be some day one of the greatest man-

The probabilities are that this place will be some day one of the greatest manufacturing centres of the world. There is coal and 4ron near here in close proximity to one another, and the water communication is such that the coal can be shipped here from almost any part of the empire. Already a population of more than 16,000,000 are tributary to this point by rivers and canals, and the great trunk line of future China will probably run through Hankow from Peking to Canton, taking in more big great trunk line of future China will probably run through Hankow from Peking to Canton, taking in more big cities and a greater number of people than any other railroad on the globe. Peking has a million of people. Tientain has more than a million, and it would be on the line only eighty miles south of the imperial capital. From thence it would cut its way further south about 500 miles through one of the most thickly-settled parts of the empire to Hankow, where it would strike these cities of 2,000,000. From here on to Canton it cannot be more than 500 miles, and the land is rich in the extreme, and it teems with millions. Canton is one of the great trading centres of the world, and it is said to have a population of about 2,000,000. The whole length of the road would be less than 1,500 miles, and there would not be a waste spot on it. It will take but little grading, and it would, I judge, be a comparatively cheap road to build. It would be a bee-line from North to South China, and would be largely patronized as soon as the Chinese discovered its value. There are no people on the globe quicker to make use of a good thing and a cheap thing than these Chinese.

As it is, they have the dearest of

on the good thing and a cheap thing than these Chinese.

As it is, they have the dearest of modes of travel, and though their wheelbarrows and boats carry goods for almost nothing in comparison with the labor spent in running them, they are dear in competition with steam. As it is, the steamers on the Yangtes are kept up by Chinese freight and passengers, and every steamboat I have seen has been crowded with them. They ride first and second class, and many of them take a sort of steerage passage, sleeping in bunks in a large compartment in the rear end of the steamers.

"Mother? Have you seen this?" expaper says:
"The latest American notion is the

cently-instituted College of Beauty New York. The college course knows nothing of dyes, or commetics, or pow-ders. • • • One branch of study deals with the features of the face. The most enchanting beauty of expression will recollege. The effect of music on the features receives great attention; the eyes are to be enlarged by Verdi's music; the air of intelligence heightened by Chopin's, and various other ameliorations brought about by other composers, and poets, and so forth.' Just fancy, mother!" Genevieve was wrapped in silent musing for some minutes; then she arose and crossed over to the mirror, and gazed

crossed over to the mirror, and gazed critically into it.

"Of course, it's all nonsense, my lovemost absurd?" replied mother.

Then Genevieve opened the piano abstractedly, and began passing her fingers mechanically over the keys, which, strange to say, gave forth an air by Verdi. The mirror was right opposite Genevieve, as she sat at the plano, and she looked casually at it many times.

When tea time came—two hours and a half later—she was still strumming—strumming a little thing by Verdi, as it happened. Mother sat and smiled upon her indulgently, when Genevieve had re-

tired to rest, she heard the faint sounds of the piano from the drawing-room; it was playing an air from Verdi. Mother

was playing an air from verdi. Mother was the only person down, stairs who could play the plano.

"Mother," said Genevieve, next day, "of course, that must be all nonsense about the College of Beauty, eh? Of course, it would be quite impossible to make oneself more beautiful by"

"of course, Jenny, of course—sheer nonsense!" said mother.

"Yees, of course," said Jenny, "But

sense!" said mother.
"Ye-es, of course," said Jenny. "I've often thought I should love to New York-haven't you?"
"New York is-no doubt-a-a-very interesting place." said mother.
"Do let's go-just to see New York!" "Er-well; I'll speak to papa about it You do want a change," said mother.

There was a ring.

"Oh, mother, here's Miss Cloot, just getting out of her victoria," said Genevieve. "Now, the College of Beauty would be a godsend to her! You must really tell her about it—it would be a

Miss Cloot was the ughest old main in London and its environs within a raGius of twenty miles; she was really dreadful—that's the only word for it.
She was comfortably off, yet she was still a spinster at 40. She was a remarkable woman, was Miss Cloot—you'll see.
During a lull in the conversation, mother introduced the subject of the Col-

mother; and then it suddenly occurre to her that she had better not ask the question; so she turned it off to-"get any new things this spring?" Miss Cloot went straight home with

that remarkable light in her eye all the time; and when she got in she straight way sat down and wrote a dozen letters

On the evening of the following day there was a tea party at Miss Cloot's—it consisted of those twelve other old malds of her acquaintance. It was more of a board meeting than an ordinary tea party, for they took their seats round a table, at the head of which sat their "Ladies," said Miss Cloot (who reall)

was a remarkable woman-the more reflect upon her, the more I am impressed by this fact), "I have asked you here to lay to discuss a very important matter papers?' and she handed round the cut-ting, which she had taken from Gene-

Vieve's paper.

The twelve old maids read it, and did not seem to see much in it. Miss Cloot's keen intuition perceived this.

"I did not expect you to. We can't all be of brilliant intellect, of course," she said. "Pray don't think I blame you for any deficiencies in that respect; we none of us can radically after the intelligence-or want of it—which has been vouchsafed to us."

said Miss Wheevyl. "Quite absurd an "Not in the least!" replied Miss Cloot,

emphatically. "Neither abourd nor im-possible. That's where you show you ignorance, Jane. Pray understand, m. friends, that I am not proposing that yo should all rush out to that college New York (although heaven knows New York (although heaven, and wild do better by remaining where you are. Now, concerning this college. I know what you are going to say—It doesn't exist! Very well; what I have to say is, if it

doesn't exist, why"—
At this moment, unfortunately, the door of the council chamber was suddenly

door of the council chamber was suddenly shut, and we heard no more.
"Mother," said Genevieve a week or so after, "there's a whole page of advertisement of that College of Beauty in New York! Do listen: Ladles desirous of enrolling themselves as students at the College of Beauty are requested to send in their names at once to the secretaress, Madame Brown. The first hundred ladles will be received at the following reduced fees: Facial Beauty Curriculum (including Eye Enlarging, Gaze Softening, Dimple, Ethereal Expression, Piquancy, and Beauty Currenting the date of the period of into beauties, will be sent to all appli-cants. The leading transarlantic steam-ship companies have made special ar-rangements for the conveyance of parties rangements for the conveyance

rangements for the conveyance of patterns of ladies proceeding to the College of Beauty, New York."

"Of course, it can't be true, can it mother?" said Genevieve.

"Oh, dear, no, my love," said mother.

"But we will go and have a look at New York, won't we?"

"You I think we may as well."

"Yes, I think we may as well."

The booming of the College of Beauty re-echoed deafeningly from end to end of the London press. The subject was dragged into every paragraph about everything. It was the universal topic. Some weeks after this Jenkinson looked up Wifter in the evening, and threw himself down in a chair with an excla-

Gone, who, said whiter, passing the tobacco jar.

"Why, Mrs. Jenkinson and Genevieve have gone to New York, for a change, they said; but they can't hoodwink me. They've gone to that College of Beauty-that's where they've gone! Nice state of things for me! Left all alone, as if I didn't happen to have such articles as a wife and daughter. * Where's your wife? Theatre-opera?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Wiffler, gloomily. "Gone to New York, my friend; and now I see why they were so mad to go that way, although Matilda hates the sea and always gets frightfully Ill. Now I see!"

At that moment Gradbury burst in

Gradbury, "And I'll tell you what—I've my suspicions that"—
"Your suspicions are well founded," said Jenkinson, in a hollow voice, "That was their object,"
Then those three miserable men went off to the club, and the hubbub as they entered told them that something was amiss. Frodweil was standing on the hearth-rug, declaiming about the right place for a wife being by her husband's side, instead of frivoiling off to crack-brained colleges holding out all manner of insane and impracticable—
About twenty other clubites stood

"No; and what's more, I'm not likely to have one now. My bost girl's gone over to New York-for three years, she thinks. Hanged if I know how she can be improved by that fool of a college-for that's where she's off to, you bet! Her fringe keeps frizzy in wet weather, and she has a little dimple each side of her nose; so what more can she want?"

It was the same sail story at every club you entered; bereaved married men, and deserted bachelors stood mopingly on the hearth-rugs or flopped in limp despair on the big chairs. Every day the papers had been filled with advertisements and "pars," and articles about the College of Beauty; flaring posters, with pictures of a lady, before and after a course of the college, covered London. The before lady had wild, red hair, a pug nose, a heavy squint, one immense front tooth, lips like a negro's, and the figure of a sack of potatoes; the after lady—supposed to be the same person—had a Grecian nose, great blue eyes, wavy brown hair, and an ideal figure. Every day the crisis became more grave; the great transatiantic lines had hired extra ships to fill with ladies proceeding to New York; it had been made "worth the while" of several eminent London extra ships to fill with halles processing to New York; it had been made "worth the while" of several eminent Dondon physicians to prescribe a course of "New York." The sight of a lady in London streets was becoming more and more rare. Men in a hopeless state of dejection, even of metancholy insanity, roved aimlessly about the pavements. The

by youths, as in old tunes, while the stalls and dress circle presented an unbroken line of wretched men, clad in tweed suits, dressing gowns—anything; so demoralized does man become the instant the retining influence of woman is

fever and had deserted the ranks,

table and said:
"Ladies, I need hardly tell you that
the operations of our society has been,
and are, a complete success. In the
course of another week there will not be

wisely forward and threw in your money with mine to set this great work on foot; our money has now gone; but, by reason of the term-fees paid by the pupils the college is now entirely self-supporting. "Now, halles, is your time! All the pretty women have gone to New York; the evening of the following day to the carrying out of their object woman to marry. The domestic arrange ment which they calculated upon, an had prepared for, in many cases even to the laying in of Japanese fans, seen cases, hanging wardrobes, and othe articles of furniture, has been hopelessi

"The aggregate of outstanding matri monial decisions has, owing to the ab sence of a helpmate to join the board sence of a helpmate to join the boar after allotment, become enormous.

"Ladies, those men must marry son one, or the scent cases and wardrob will lose their freshness; and they mu marry us, or none. It may surprise yowhen I say that they will prefer evyou to none; but you will find it so.

"Ladies," she continued. "we have trumphed! Do you hear the murmur with out—the murmur of multitudes like it occan? It is the men! They know the eleven elicible spinsters—not to socik. cleven eligible spinsters—not to seeak of our excellent factorum, Miss McSwinger— are assembled in this room. Look!" In two strides she had reached the win-dow curtains. She threw them back. Without, the whole square and adjacent

dow curtains. She threw them teen, without, the whole square and adjacent streets were packed with a surging mass of stove-pipe hats.

As the curtains separated there arose a vast and deafening shout, while 10,000 hands simultaneously held aloft 10,000 wedding-rings.

Miss Cloot opened the window and stepped out upon the balcony.

"Gentiemen," she said, "I must entreat you to be patient, and maintain order. It is impossible for us to accept all of you; I regret to inform you that tweive only amid your vast and imposing throng can be made happy. If you will disperse in an orderly way, you can obtain offer of marriage forms, which I will ask you to fill up with particulars of your stations in life, incomes, characters, and other details. I have made arrangements so that the forms can be obtained of any respectable chemist, book rangements so that the forms can be ob rangements so that the forms can be tained of any respectable chemist, be seller, tobacconist, or house agent, or the army and navy or civil service stores "All applications will be considered, and the acceptations printed in the Times," Pink 'Un,' 'Matrimonial News,' and 'Exchange and Mart.'
"I will now entreat you to disperse quietly, without any demonstration. Good day."

Good day."

Three weeks from that time the twelv Three weeks from that time the twelve spinsters were married at St. George's. Miss Cloot had accepted a duke, seven other ladies earls, one a wealthy brewer, two pili millionaires, and the remaining one a poet laureate. Some time after the ladies began to return from New York; whether they are any loyeller, I cannot say. Can woman be loveller than she is? Never mind; I don't want a series of letters about it.

ries of letters about it.

At any rate, those twelve Indies married at St. George's are all very, very
happy, which shows that, although beauty
happy, where are inestimable gifts, wits dness are inestimable gifts,

EXPERIENCES IN AN ARSENIC MINE By Being Cantions the Miners Are Not Injured by the Polson.

The booming of the College of Beauty re-echoed deafeuingly from end to end of the London press. The subject was dragged into every paragraph about everything. It was the universal topic.

Some weeks after this Jenkinson looked up Wiffler in the evening, and threw himself down in a chair with an exclamation of disgust.

"Hanged if they haven't gone!" he grunted.

"Gone? Who?" said Wiffler, passing that tobacco Jar.

"Why, Mrs. Jenkinson and Genevieve have gone to New York, for a change, they said; but they can't hoodwink me. They've gone to that College of Beauty-that's where they've gone! Nice state of things for me! Left all alone, as if I didn't happen to have such articles as a wife and daughter.

"Not a bit of it," replied Wiffler, gloomily. "Gone to New York, my friend; and now I see why they were so mad togo that way, although Matilda hates the sea and always gets frightfully ill. Now I see!"

At that moment Gradbury burst in melodramatically, the image of despair, "Hello, Gradbury!" said the other two, "what's wrong with you?"

"Ugh!" Everything!" growled Gradbury, "Nice game for a man's wife and three daughters and niece to go off all at once to"—"New York?" cried Wiffler and Jenkinson, in a bresth.

"Ah—that's the very place!" shrieked (Montreal Star.)

this one is, by recent measurement, 152 feet 4 inches.

There is another difference and a very marked one, and that is the tendency to a flattening of the lower and larger branches and of the peculiar buttresses which the trunk throws out. In the latter they are almost as flat as boards, and in the branches the flatness is that of a wedge. The contrast between these and the upper ones, which are rounded, is very striking. The trunk is not like an ordinary one, but reaembles a buttressed wall, so that the two diameters vary enormously. The height must be less than 250 feet, making the appearance in a photograph almost dwarfish. The spread of the branches from north to south is gigantic, and the effect of light and shade is entrancing to the artist. There are colonies of ligards and of various birds in the different departments of the trunk and branches, and upon the green dome of the top were a group of buzzards that croaked without intermission during our whole stay.

WOMEN IN HOT WEATHER. How They Can Keep Cool, Comfertable,

THE NICETIES OF LIFE!

A Prominent Lady Talks Upon the Subject And Gives Some Very Value

"Talk about suffering from the heat!
Why, even children do not suffer so much
in hot weather as women do!"
She was a prominent member of the Executive Committee of a Woman's Asso-ciation that meets annually in New York,

or unattractive in some way. All this frets, annoys, and causes her unhappi-

A Square Rushel Box.

(Hardware.)

A bushel box is coming into use with market men, and by reason of being square is very economical in the way of packing. It is made in three styles, one all slatted, another with a slatted bottom and sides, with solid ends and close bottom and sides, bound with galvanized iron, in fact, it is a galvanized-bound box. These boxes are very convenient for handling potatoes, the vegetables being picked up into the boxes in the field and left in them until sold. Of course,



"Our Special Artist"

has no sinecure in these exciting days, when the public demands prompt, full, and accurate information of every event of general interest. The artist, whether of the pen or of the pencil, must be on the spot, ready to observe and transfer to paper every incident, regardless of personal danger.

DAN BEARD'S CLEVER SKETCH

showing "Our Special Artist" on the field of battle-his seat a dead horse, his canvas fixed on the easel with bayonets, and so close to the scene of action that cannon balls spoil his sky effects-is very spirited, and is overdrawn only in detail, not in its general suggestion, which is that

The Artist Goes Everywhere, and Sees Everything

in order that YOU may have the life of the whole world brought to your home. In this sense

EVERY GREAT ARTIST IS YOUR "SPECIAL ARTIST,"

and you have only to sit at home and in their pictures read their reports of how all the world lives, acts, dresses, what its peculiar customs are and have been in every age.

For Your Instruction and Entertainment

Gerome goes to Egypt, Bridgeman to Algiers, Alma Tadema to Ancient Greece, Breton to Brittany, Millett to Barbizon, Church to the Andes, Bierstadt to Yosemite, J. G. Brown to the streets of New York, Goubie to the Bois de Boulogne, Meissonier to the battle-fields of Napoleon, and Detaille to those of the Franco-Prussian War-Makart has transported himself to the days of Charles V., and Moreau to the time of Louis XIV. It has remained only for the publishers of

"Famous Paintings of the World"

to gather together, with the co-operation of living artists, the most interesting, the most varied, and the best of all that these and other artists have produced, and to offer them

READERS OF THE DISPATCH EXCLUSIVELY

at a price that brings this marvellous collection easily within the reach of all. Send or bring to cents and three coupons to

DEPARTMENT,

THE DISPATCH COMPANY.